

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THAT there is lately come to town, A new set of curious PUPPETS, commissioned by the R——d P——y of *Edinburgh*, in order to afford a proper innocent entertainment for the remaining part of the winter-season; as no Person of any religious principle whatever, can think himself at liberty to countenance the impious proceedings at the Theatre in the *Canongate*, after the 30th of *January* current.

A neat stage is fitted up in *Allan's* close, near the New Exchange; and on *Monday* next, the 31st current, will be performed, by particular desire of the M——d——r, a new farce, called, *The Deposition*.——The following PROLOGUE, wrote upon the occasion by the P——y-cl——k, to be spoke by a puppet dressed in black.

IN a dark dismal corner long had stood
Poor *Punchinello* in a pensive mood,
Sadly bemoaning his disastrous fate,
Who for sev'n years had not been heard to prate.

Unhappy

Unhappy *Punch*, unhappy friends, he cries,
 Shall we no more attempt the long'd-for prize?
 Shall *Caledonia's* nymphs for ever be
 Barr'd from that pleasure they receiv'd from me?
 Shall they no more my witless squeaks approve?
 Shall I no more their thoughtless laughter move?

Thus spoke the hero, ending with a groan,
 While meaner puppets echo'd to his moan,
 When, lo! an airy messenger appear'd,
 And crav'd an audience quickly to be heard.

I come, he says, with wings of haste to cheer
 Your drooping hearts, and hence to banish fear.
 Great *Powell* sent me, whom you all revere,
 The god of puppets, now he dwells in air;
 And thus thro' me he speaks, attention give,
 And learn henceforth more patiently to live.
 Soon shall fair *Scotia's* capital again
 Receive great *Punch*, and all his puppet train;
 Soon shall her belles thy witless squeaks approve;
 Soon shall thy barren jests their laughter move;
 No more shall you by *Douglas* rival'd be,
 W——r's your friend, and the whole P——y.

They

They long have mourn'd in silence your disgrace,
 (P——ts themselves when in their proper place),
 And griev'd to find that such respect was shown,
 To wit and taste so different from their own;
 Fretted to see the town so much admire
 The tragic muse, and the poetic fire
 Of *Atbelstanesford's* bard, their rage increas'd;
 And thus great W——r the k——k-c——t address'd.

“ The pulpit and the puppets only can
 Proper instruction give to sinful man.
 The stage is impious, 'cause there vice is shown
 Horrid from reason, not from fear alone:
 And should it gain the pow'r men to persuade,
 Virtue to court by patterns, then our trade
 Useless may prove; for we must all allow,
 Our precepts more than our examples show
 The paths of virtue: therefore let us join
 Our heads, and with united force combine
 In this grand scheme, to persecute the stage,
 And all its followers, with the keenest rage
 Of c——h-rebuke, and make the croud believe,
 (Whom by strain'd sc—p—re-texts we oft deceive),
 That nought but vice from stage-plays can be learn'd,
 And sure damnation by their lovers earn'd.”

They

Thus

Thus spoke the p——n with becoming grace,
 While cheartful assent shone in ev'ry face.
 Charm'd with the grateful plan they all agreed,
 A solemn warning 'gainst the stage to read,
 In ev'ry c——h, that ev'ry flock might see,
 How good, how meek, how wise the P——try.

So spoke the herald to the puppet crew,
 And quick as lightning back to *Powell* flew.
 But lest he should be deem'd an imposition,
 He left a copy of the *A—n—tion*.
Punch read with joy, and bade us all make haste,
 Hither to come, and shew the cl—gy's taste.
 We straight obey'd; and here to night is shown
 A scene entirely new, but which you'll own,
 Points c—chm—s actions in their proper view,
 And shows what zealous c—gy—n will do.
 If the plot please you, I content shall be;
 If not, d—n all your pr—ts, but d—n not me.